that time Grant took him to his heart, and they were never parted until parted by the untimely hand of death. Although Elihu B. Washburn, as General Grant states in his "Memoirs," expressed considerable surpise that Galena should take a stranger for a presiding officer upon so important an occasion as the first meeting referred to, he was not long in recognizing Grant's ability, and when matters at Springfield, a few weeks later, were in almost a chaotic condition it was through his advice and influence that Captain Grant was requested by Governor Yates to

take charge of the military affairs of the

State. This task, which, without the as-

sistance of an experienced hand, could not

have been accomplished, was systematicaliv and promptly performed. The services of Captain Grant at Springfield completed, he was offered a commis sion as colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois. About the same time he s tendered the colonelcy of an Ohio regiment. Always having acted under the guidance of the wise counsel of his parents, he did not come to any decision in the matter of accepting a commission until he had first visited his parents in Ohio and obtained their advice, which was to accept a commission from his own State. In

this connection the Galena Gazette of Thursday, June 20, 1861, has the following: 'We are glad to learn of the probability that Captain Grant, of this city, will accept the appointment of Governor Yates to the command of the Twelfth District Regiment, though he has had the offer of the colonelcy of a regiment in Ohio, and the appointment is being impressed upon him with urgency. We have too few men in the State of his qualities and acquirements to spare a single one of them without emphatic loss. We have the timber that good soldiers are made of-the world grows none better-but we do not know that military science is very plenty. Some men who are clever in other employments can never learn it. Colonel Grant is a modest man from principle, which of itself is worthy of special mention in this day of pretentious impudence, but he has all the military science that the schools can furnish. and the practical experience of active and honorable service in the Mexican war and on our extreme Western frontier. We should consider, were we a soldier, our life and honor as safe under his care and leadership in the hour of danger as under that of any man in the State, and we hope he will consent to take charge of the regiment to which he has been appointed."
The writer of this editorial was the late H. H. Houghton, the ploneer of Western , when it was at an end. ournalism, afterward minister to the Sand-

A GREAT OVATION. After his appointment as colonel Grant returned to Galena for a few days, and was not here again until August, 1865. The reception tendered him upon that occasion was the most brilliant ovation Galena was · capable of giving. Nothing was left undone by the citizens to give their illustrious townsman a fitting welcome after his four years' absence. Enthusiasm was unbounded, E. B. Washburn delivered the address of welcome, to which the unobtrusive and retiring general responded through his friend, Rev. J. H. Vincent (now Bishop Vincent), pastor of the Methodist Church which the Grants attended while residing

wich Islands, appointed by President Grant,

As late as 1865 sidewalks were not laid on all the streets in Galena. Before the war they were even a much rarer luxury, and during the muddy season Captain Grant was obliged to "pick his way" between the house and store. Once, while scraping the mud from his boots, he dryly remarked to a bystander: "Should I ever be mayor of this city I will have a sidewalk built from my house to the depot." Before his return in 1865 a house had been purchased by some of his friends in Gelena and presented to him. The remark regarding the sidewalk was recalled and the walk was laid from the house to the Illinois Central depot. At the time of the reception just referred to, upon one of the arches which spanned Main street, was the inscription: "General, the Sidewalk is

The house presented to General Grant at that time is still the property of Mrs. Grant. While far from being an elegant or even a commodious mansion, it was a very comfortable and pleasant home for them during their frequent visits to Galena. Its location is one of the most picturesque on the east side of Galena river. One charm-Ing feature of the situation is the it commands of the opposite hills, which rise almost abruptly to a height of about 200 feet. Whenever they visited Galena General and Mrs. Grant made it understood that it was their desire to meet the people at their homes, and every call was recognized and returned by both of them before leaving the city.

At the time of the national convention in 1880. General and Mrs. Grant happened to be in Galena. With a party of friends the ex-President received reports of the proceedings of the convention at the office of General W. R. Rowley, formerly one of his staff officers. If he was disappointed when the news came that he would not be a candidate for a third term, and that Garfield had received the nomination, no one was made aware of the fact by any demonstration on his part. He was relating some experience in Japan while on his trip around the world when the message was received. He was the first to comment on the nomination, merely saying: "That is a candidate we can all support," and continued his story, as though nothing had happened

From the date of its organization, in 1865, until his death, General Grant was president of the Jo Daviess County Soldiers' Monument Association, and took an active interest in its welfare. Almost the last work he did with his pen, aside from writing on his "Memoirs," was to affix his signature to several hundred of these certificates, the bulk of which are still in the possession of the association.

wherein he had been concerned.

THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN. English Acknowledgment that He Is

New York Tribune What is most noteworthy in the Saturday Review's eulogy upon Mr. Bayard, unthat it is a eulogy. The personal note is dominant throughout, distinctly and avowedly dominant, and personally Mr. Bayard is so deserving of eulogy that not even the saturday Review could well withhold it from him. What it says of him is quite true. His attractive physical presence, his transparent sincerity, his ingenuousness, his freedom from unclean speech, his optimism, his idealism, his sympathy with what is best in life his "exquisite balance and charming temperament," are all known to his own countrymen, and it would be little to England's credit if she did not appreciate them. It is because of such things that Mr. Bayard has been more popular in England than any other American min-

Even than Lowell. The Saturday Review itself makes the comparison, and it must bear the odium if it be invidious. Frankly -and this is more noteworthy than the eulogy of Mr. Bayard-the English did not and could not appreciate Lowell. It is the Saturday Review that makes the confession. Lowell was a distinguished author, and "a man of fine presence and urbane He had "great abilities and many charming gifts." Yet he left England "with a reputation insultingly incommensurate," and the fault thereof lay with England more than with him. So says the Saturday Review. It is an indictment of England more severe than an American would care to make. There are those who well wonder, however, whether the diplomatic factor did not enter into the determination of the problem. For Lowell was a diplomat, in the practical business sense as well as in the merely social and ornamental sense of the term. He attended to his country's business, sometimes necessarily in a way not altogether pleasing to the English. Perhaps, after all, that has more to do with English preference for Mr. Bayard than is made to appear in the Sat-

urday Review. But what is most significant in this once prous critic's eloquent peace-offering is the frank confession, made with studied conspicuousness, that men like Mr. Bayard -men of "curiously beautiful nature," gentlemen of "a wonderfully fine type"-"are not as rare in America as they are in most other countries." That is indeed a tribute An American might well have been content to say modestly that they are not more rare. The Saturday Review says plumply "not as rare." With such a judgment, cratultous and, if truta must be told, unwented, it would be most ungracious to But if it be acepted, what then? May it not be argued that democracy this very leveling of artificial ranks, and jostling of elbows clad in fustian or quite bare with those attired in broadcloth, the very conditions that old world critics have deemed to make for crudeness and negation of culture, actually make for personal and

social "sweetness and light?" Certainly it is the modest course to pursue to assume that it is so. For if not, if Americans have this gentleness of life despite and not because of their democracy. their claim of credit must be much higher still. With the lesser degree they may well be content. And perhaps with such encourgement as this which we have quoted, hey may one day be able to convince the English that the utmost fineness of personality and grace of social qualities are entirely compatible with robust and vigorous Americanism and with inflexible devotion to American interests: Or if they do not succeed in such conviction, they will at least have this high British authority's confession of unappreciativeness to give them comfort in the failure; that, and the realization that their embassador, if not esteemed at his full worth abroad, is ful-

HOW GREEKS KEEP LENT

THE HOLY SEASON OBSERVED WITH A STRICTNESS UNKNOWN HERE.

Self-Denial the Rule Throughout the Forty Days-Easter Welcomed as a Day of Joy and Feasting.

New York Evening Post. Lent in Greece is kept with a strictness that can hardly be imagined in this coun-

try. There are no lapses of meat eating, party giving, or diversions of any kind throughout the entire Lenten season, as is often seen here. But strictness in diet is, perhaps, easier

for the Greeks than for other nations less abstemious. There are hundreds of families who never taste meat during the entire year except on New Year's day and at Easter. The foods they deny themselves, therefore, especially on their holiest days, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, are just those we permit ourselves-fish, eggs, and even cheese.

Easter is looked forward to by both rich and poor as the day of the best dinner of the whole year, and no one is without a slice of roast lamb. As we at Christmas time see that no poor person shall be without a dinner of roast turkey, so in Greece those who are too poor to buy lamb for themselves have it bought for them by others. Frugal and saving at other times. the Greeks at Easter are lavishly generous both to themselves and their neighbors. Happening in Greece at the holy season, I was struck not only by the rigid manner in which Lent was observed, but by the reaction of universal hilarity and feasting

Churches are numerous in every town and village throughout Greece, but they are usually of the cheapest and most ordinary description, often being merely of whitewashed wood. But though one sees no costly "dreams" in marble and stone among the ally richly decorated with silver and gold loves a beautiful Greek maid in the valley, paintings of saints and virgins, these rep- and in winter, when the snow covers the resentations being always flat. There are tells her secrets, of which she makes use no round images in Greek as in Roman

The altar or hieron-meaning "holy place" is always behind a wooden screen which separates it from the main body of the church, and before the icons, the flat giltframed pictures of saints, burn lighted amps. Women are never upon any pretext allowed behind this screened "holy place." neither are their voices ever heard in the church, the chanting being done entirely by men and boys. The Greeks do not kneel at prayers, and in their churches, therefore, no chairs or kneeling stools are provided. The impressive portions of the service are marked by the number of times the sign of the cross is used. With three fingers, representing the Trinity, the Greek devotee crosses himself usually three times

THE GREEK PRIEST.

The Greek priest, or papas, is, strictly speaking, prohibited from marrying, though he may be a married man. This means that he marries before entering the priesthood he knows, therefore, that he can never marry again he is said to be remarkably kind to his wife and unusually careful of her health. The salary of the priest consists entirely of the fees he receives from ily and a small income, which he pieces out by tilling the soil, like other peasants, or teaching school, or even keeping a small hop. This he can do without much impairing his dignity, as the priests, especially in | English Housekeepers Have Many rural districts, are not of a very high order, either morally or intellectually. usually spring from a very humble class, and their priesthood does not seem afterwards to separate them from their former friends. I once saw a priest in his long black gown and a high black cap carrying stones across the road to a field to build the foundation of his house, and I have often seen priests seated before cafes or walking, driving in peasant carts and mingling freely with the humblest sort of eople; though usually when a papas passes ers as one somewhat above them.

he is greeted respectfully by the bystand-It is even claimed that when peasants find their boys too unruly to learn a trade, they decide that they shall enter the priesthood. The boy thus dedicated to the church immediately allows his hair to grow in long, flowing locks, which stray over his shoulders like a mane-that being a distinctive feature of Greek priests. Among a crowd of Greek men, clad in the national dress of wide white petticoats, gold-embroidered jackets, and jaunty caps, these priests, with their long hair and beards, ing black robes reaching to their feet, and high black caps, stand out prominently. Church forms are scrupulously observed by the people throughout Lent, prayers, burning of tapers, and attendance at church being daily practiced. On the last days the Twelve Gospels-those relating to the passion of Christ-are read, and at the close of the readings a prostrate image of Christ on the cross is brought out by the criest and laid in the middle of the church, The devout-usually more women and children than men-then come forward and kiss the hands and feet of the image. When leaving the church each one is expected to leave a coin on one of the holy dishes, for which he receives a blessing in return. On the eve of Good Friday there is a service called the Epitaphion-a kind of funeral | ing man-and he might then feel a bit service in memory of the mourning and cross. The wise coolie tries to avoid such sorrow at the burial of Christ. This is contretemps. followed by a procession which marches through the streets. All shops are closed in Athens on Good Friday, but there is one thing that is sold everywhere-and that is candles. The outsides of the shops are decorated with candles in various geometric designs, and there are candle-stalls,

ple come and buy all day long. CHURCH PROCESSIONS. The church processions that pass through the streets are often very impressive. In the one I saw, the priests bore on a bier the same image on the cross I had seen inside the church, chanting meanwhile a mournful dirge, which seemed to say always-Kyrie eleison-"Lord, have mercy." Crowds of people followed, all carrying the lighted candles purchased at the stalls, of twinkling lights. The military band with | helped. muffled drums played a dead march, and at intervals the people crossed themselves before a large wooden cross carried at the head of the procession. Often the bier is followed by distinguished citizens. The effeet of these funeral processions is felt the

temporarily erected, where crowds of peo-

next day also. Saturday being observed almost as solemnly. For about a quarter of an hour preceaing the advent of Easter, the priests in the churches chant a resurrection service called the Anastasis, and then at midni, ht the church bells suddenly ring out, great ses are made, as upon our Fourth of July, and with joyful exclamations, Easter is ushered in. Then every person turns to his neighbor and says, "Christos aneste" ("Christ is risen"), and the neighbor answers, "Alethos aneste" ("He is risen indeed.") This might be called the Greek

equivalent for our joyous "Happy New

But the Greeks do more. In their joy over the festal season they kiss one another upon the cheek, saying again, "Christ is "He is risen indeed." After this midnight greeting they go home to prepare for the great day of all the year-Easter Sunday. For this, houses have been cleaned and newly whitewashed, new fustinellas and caps have been made, hearths have been swept and pots put to boil. The whole air smells of roast lamb-for roast lamb is the one dish of which high and low universally partake. In country districts it is customary to have the whole lamb roasted over glowing coals in the open air, while the people stand by and watch the browning of its flesh. The rest of the day is given up to feasting-the long Lenten hunger being appeased even to satiety.

EASTER DANCES. On Easter Tuesday the indigestion from overfeeding on roast lamb has subsided enough to permit the Romaic dances for which Greece is celebrated. The day is observed as a universal holiday. Business is suspended and the whole population repairs to the country, either to join in the | whanged and hit and battered until such dances or to look on. The most famous of these dances take place at Megara. They the line with the aid of thorns or small have become of late years so popular that special trains are run from Athens to Megara on Easter Tuesday. The dances have at this place, with their bright costumes and graceful girls, now become indeed a great of the more important mission whereunto the "tratto," is performed with dignified the is born with the bump of destruction step by several maidens, their swaving bod. step by several maidens, their swaying bod- that is not his fault; it has been handed knows, hasn't a particle of buckwheat in it, cord and reel for making straight lines,

the changes of the music the movements time increasing to a certain point, then | slowly diminishing, the girls meanwhile exactly following the time with their steps and lofty steps which characterized the

commencement of the measure. These exhibitions take place, with various modifications, in almost every public square in the villages throughout Greece. The dance is performed usually by maidens of various ages, from seven to twenty-seven or more. They form a sort of chain or semicircle, holding hands or being attached by handkerchiefs. They wear long narrow white skirts of either thick or thin material, sometimes overskirts reaching to the knees, confined by wide soft belts of many folds, bright embroidered aprons, and goldembroidered vests, over which are little jackets. With arms interlaced, these girls will dance for hours in groups of from thirty to sixty, always preserving a semicircular movement in simple steps, three forward and three backward, moving obliquely. Though men do not join in these dances, they sometimes "lead" the girls by attaching themselves to the line with a handkerchief. Within the partial circle is a musician-often several-who plays upon a pipe, and there is singing, but the words usually inarticulate to the ordinary

SONGS OF THE COUNTRY. In many country districts the songs are given more prominence in the dance than at Megara. One woman takes the part of soloist, and the others join in the response. There is a long, abrupt pause between the two, which gives the effect of question and answer. The music, to our ideas, is not music at all, but a monotonous nasal wail. very Oriental in cnaracter. Yet there is something not unsympathetic in this weird wailing, especially if one knows something of what they are saying. It is by no means the songs of Homer that these country people sing, but songs relating to the robber bands of the last century who inhabited the mountain fastnesses of Greece. Deep in every Greek heart is a hatred of the Turk, and these ancient robbers-called klepthsthough leading lives of murder and theft, had one object in life which endeared them to all Greeks-they waged incessant war upon the Moslem.

This robber poetry is much sung by peasants all over Greece, and really forms a sort of literature by itself which ought to be more carefully preserved. It is always an account of their sufferings, exalting the noble nature of the klepht over the mean nature of the Mussulman. A single hero, for example, will successfully hold a pass churches in Greece, the altars are occasion- against a thousand Turks. Another hero Turks, for whom she lays pitfalls, or whom she sends on false scents, or whom she entices to ruin by her wiles. All of this she accomplishes with that cool and sublime indifference of consequences to herself so

common in romantic poetry. There are many allusions in these songs howing the childlike love of the changes of nature among the Greek peasants. There are joyful songs of the return of spring; songs of the melting snows, of the springing up of the flowers, of the fading of the leaf. One dying hero stabbed by the dirk of a cruel Turk asks that a "window be cut in his grave that he may hear the birds sing:

"On the right side do you leave a window, That the swallows may come to bring the And the dear nightingales warble in the good month of May.' Another bellicose Greek freebooter, who even in death does not intend to stop fight-

ing the Turks, sings thus: "And make my tomb wide, and let it be high, that I may stand erect to fight.' The men in Greece also have their dances. which are ruder than those of the women; or while a candidate for holy orders. As but in them are sung the same wild klephtic songs, extravagantly praising their robber heroes. Having feasted and danced at Easter, the average Greek then subsides into abstinence and sobriety until the next Easter. This is broken at intervals fairs and on festal days, and a lesser feast the people, and he often has a large fam- at New Year's. But the Easter festival is the festival par excellence of all the year.

SERVANTS IN INDIA.

In a former paper on this engrossing subject I dimly hinted that I might, perhaps, be persuaded to make a few more remarks thereon. That time has come. The servants absolutely necessary to the bachelor have been discussed; let us take a glimpse at some others.

The punkah-coolie, for instance, is, during the hot weather, a person very much in evidence. A punkah, as many of you will know, consists of a board, from which depends a border of cotton or brown holland, or some such material; this is slung across the ceiling of the room, and a cord is fastened to it, the other end of which is pulled by the coolie from the veranda; result, a draught of air which mitigates to some extent the hundred and odd degrees of temperature which pervade the bungalow. Now, the punkan-coolie is a man who, however well he may mean, fails lamentably in striving after his ideal. In fact, he is incorrigibly lazy. He begins with great zeal, but after a while this dies away, until the movement of the punkah becomes almost imperceptible, and he is only brought to a sense of his responsibilities by stern language from his master. But in really bad cases, even a boot hurled through the air with precision of aim has proved of

but little avail. The great delight of punkah-coolie, however, is to lie on his back, fasten the rope to his big toe, and from this luxurious position to gently-very gently-wave his foot to and fro. This is a form of procedure, though, that is rarely indulged in unless there is good reason to believe that the sahib is asleep. But why, in this case, pull the punkah at all? may be asked. cause, good friends, the absolute cessation of the air current would awaken the sleep-

crease in number. He now requires a cook, or bobberjee, as he is called. He is a truly wonderful man; he scorns modern English contrivances, and will only make use of primitive utensils, which when you have seen make you marvel at the dinner he has

produced by their aid. Many mem-sahibs have told their husbands before going to India with them that they intended to run the household strictly according to English ideas. But they know not what they said, or rather what it meant, and the cook of Hindostan still continues in the old sweet way. He still possesses the same little rickety table, chopped, begrimed, smoked, oiled, stained, and impossible (to your notions, good lady;) and on this he minces meat, chops onions, rolls pastry, and sleeps-a useful table. But in spite of everything the bobberjee can cook, and if his methods are not beyond criticism, they are unalterable, and best and the whole air seemed full of thousands | left in the limbo of things that cannot be

> The following story told by the author of "The Tribes on my Frontier," shows that whatever the faults of the Indian cook he is still preferable to some other Orientals:

> A lady was inveighing to a friend against the whole race of Indian cooks as dirty, disorderly, and dishonest. She had managed to secure the services of a Chinese cook, and was much pleased with the contrast. Her friend did not altogether agree with her, and was skeptical about the immaculate Chinaman. "Put it to the test," said the lady:

let us pay a visit to your kitchen, and then come and see mine. So they went together. What need to describe the bobberjee-khana? glanced round, and hurried out, for it was too horrible to be endured long. When they went to the Chinaman's kitchen the contrast was indeed striking; the pots and pans shone like silver; the table was positively sweet: everything was in its proper place; and Chang himself, sitting on his box, was washing his feet in the soup

tureen! Let us consider the malee or gardener He is a wonderful man, and to him attaches in no small degree the mysticism of the East. In other words, if you employ a malee, and yet have no symptom of a garden, you can still depend upon a constant supply of vegetables and cut flowers; but even he has his limitations, for he can only bring you things of a similar nature to those grown by your neighbors. If, however, you have a garden for your malee to look after, it is necessary that you look after your malee, for you may de-

pend upon it that he has several comrades

who are gardeners to sahibs whose gardens are purely mythical. The dhobie, or man who washes your clothes, is, like the cook, an institution that is unalterable. The method employed is simple and effective in more ways than one. The clothes are taken to the nearest stream in which are placed large, flat stones, with more or less rounded edges, and on these each article of clothing is time as the dhobie considers it is washed. The clothes are then wrung and placed on pointed stakes of wood. Starch is used liberally when required, and the iron is never | know it. Darn an institution that serves too cold, though very often much too hot, The life of a linen garment is therefore not a long one, but what does that matter to the dhobie? His work is to wash clothes,

jes and serious, unsmiling faces adding down to him from a long line of dhobies. great impressiveness to the dance. With | That his system results in breaking every button, buiging every buttonhole, fraying gradually become violent and fantastic, the every edge, and finally in destroying all your linen years before its time, is a misfortune which he deplores when he is remonstrated with, but it is possible that he and sinking towards the end into the calm I has a vague idea that this state of affairs is not altogether had for his friend the dirzee or tailor. And it is only fair to mention that the latter, in his turn, but seldom repairs or makes a garment that does not necessitate the employment of the dhobie before it can be worn. Thus a shirt, for instance, may have to make several journeys between these two allies before it is in any way fit for the sahib to wear.

The ayah is the nurse, and it is to her tender care that the little ones are consigned. She appears to overflow with the nilk of human kindness, that is towards her charges, for her relations with other servants are almost invariably strained, and often degenerate into open She is a great gossip, and if her mistress

will allow it delights in retailing items of society news which she has gleaned from

her sister ayahs.

Read the Bible

Rock the cradle.

She Jumps the Rope.

I wouldn't like to be a boy-I never will. I hope! But all the same I pity them, For boys can't jump the rope: Read the Bible. Rock the cradie, Let the old cat die; We chase the fox for blocks and blocks-

Susy and Mary and I. My mother thinks I oughtn't to-But I can't be a mope; And she was once a little girl And loved her jumping-rope!

Let the old cat die; We chase the fox for blocks and blocks-Susy and Mary and I. And grandma jumped a wild grapevine In ploneering days. Along the creek she got it for

The best of all her plays. Read the Bible. Rock the cradle. Let the old cat die; We chase the fox for blocks and blocks-Susy and Mary and I.

Grapevine, rope and twisted wire-I spect my little girl Will jump a rope of braided gold With handles made of pearl. Read the Bible, Rock the cradle.

Let the old cat die; We chase the fox for blocks and blocks-Susy and Mary and L. -Chicago Post.

EASTER EGGS.

Origin of the Custom of Giving Eggs on Easter Lost in Mists of Antiquity.

Philadelphia Times. "Can't you tell us something about the girl named Madge. "Perhaps I can," replied the Girl with the Spectacles, as the waiter served four strawberry ices made from the fresh fruit. "You see I'm just about to write Easter eggs for our Current Event Class, Perhaps you don't know." she went on, 'that the belief is still cherished by the Finns of northern Europe that a mystic bird dropped an egg on the lap of Vaimainou, who hatched it in his bosom, from which it fell into the water. It broke and the lower shell formed the earth, the upper the sky; the tiny fragments were changed into stars, the liquid white became the sun and the yolk the moon. One celebrated writer informs us that the custom of giving eggs at Easter is to be traced back to the heology and philosophy of the Egyptians, Persians, Greeks and Romans, among all of whom the egg was symbolic of the uni-The custom of interchanging eggs at this season has been referred for its origin to the egg games of the Romans, which they celebrated at the time of our Easter, when they ran races in an egg-

shaped ring and the victor received eggs as his prize. Other writers claim that the custom came from the Hebrews and still others that the distribution of eggs at Easter has descended to us from the greatest of the Chinese spring festivals inaugurated more than seven hundred years before Christ. The Persians gave each other eggs at the New Year. To Christians, howthroughout the year by dances at country | ever, the egg will always mean something higher-the emblem of the resurrection. While studying the subject I discovered that, rather curiously, many hundreds of years ago the church prohibited the use of eggs during Lent, but that did not keep the hens from laying just the same. In this way large quantities of eggs accumulated. Of no mercantile value they were given to the children as playthings. This led to their being boiled hard and then to make them more attractive they were dyed with gay colors or otherwise ornamented. During the middle ages the Kings of France exacted a tribute of eggs from every province. All the hen roosts of France were scoured for the largest eggs. At the conclusion of the Easter high mass in the chapel of the Louvre lackeys brought into the royal cabinet pyramids of gilded eggs, placed in baskets adorned with verdure, and the chaplain, after having blessed them, distributed them in the presence of his most Christian Majesty to all the persons about the court. "You have often watched two boys pricking eggs at Easter time, haven't you, but probably you do not know that the game is not played exclusively by Philadelphia boys. In Hyde's 'Oriental Sports' he tells a game with eggs among the Christians of Mesapotamia on Easter day and forty days afterward, during which time their children buy themselves as many eggs as they can and stain them with a red color in memory of the blood of Christ, shed at them with green and yellow. Stained eggs are sold all the while in the markets. sport consists in striking one egg against another, and the egg that first breaks is

the time of His coucifixion. Some tinge won by the owner of the egg that broke it. Immediately another egg is pitted against the winning egg, and so they go on till the last remaining egg wins all the others." "That just reminds me," broke in the girl named Madge, "that I have a clipping in my cardcase which will be just the thing for you to use in your essay, Estelle. Here it is," picking out a bit of paper from her

"Read it to us, Madge, won't you?" asked the stylish girl. Whereupon she read: "In some remote districts of France it is still customary for the priest of the parish to go around to each house at Easter and often useful. bestow on it his blessing. In return he receives eggs, plain and painted. In these same regions a belief still lingers that during Passion week the bells of the churches set out for Rome in order to get themselves blessed by the Pope. During this period of mourning the bells are mute in their belfry and the peasants firmly believe that they have started on their pious pilgrimage and will return to send forth a joyous peal on the morning of the resurrection. People do not come back from so long a journey without bringing presents to good children The joy bells then always come first and bring with them various beautiful play-

The death bells come last, and bring nothing. Easter, then, was like a second New Year's day. The peasant bestowed on his child an egg, dyed scarlet, like the cloak of a Roman cardinal, and supposed to come from Rome. "On Easter morning, at the sound of the rejoicing bells, fair angels with azure wings were supposed to descend from heaven bearing baskets of eggs which they deposited in the houses of the faithful. Sometimes, however, it happened that the evil one slipped in an accursed egg among those

which came from heaven. "The Russians have a custom at Easter which they always observe, and that is this: Every year at Eastertide they dye or color red a number of eggs, of which every man and woman gives one of the finest to the priest of the parish on Easter morning. The common people carry one of these red eggs in their hands not only on Easter day. but three or four days after, and gentlemen and ladies have eggs gilded, which they carry in like manner. They do it, they say, for a great love, and in token of the resurrection, whereof they rejoice. When two friends meet during the Easter holidays they come and take one another by the

en! the other answers, 'It is so of a "I think that is a beautiful custom," said the little country girl, "and I'm quite sure my Easter egg will mean a great deal more to me this year than ever before. "So will mine!" chimed in the other girls. Miss Stylish included, as they rose to go, "That's just like a girl!" said she with the spectacles. "Here you," turning to the Stylish Girl, "began by reviling Easter eggs, and end up by praising them! "Oh, no: I haven't! I've only been exercising a woman's special prerogative-the

hand, and one of them says, 'Christ is ris-

privilege of changing my mind. Self-Evident Fraud.

Chicago Tribune. The guest with the scowl on his face called the waiter to him. "May I ask you." he said, "when this French coffee cake was baked?" 'Yes, sah," answered the functionary in the white apron. "It was baked this morn-'Just as I expected." snarled the guest

'I knew you couldn't get it here from

France inside of seven days at the very

least. Take it away. How about those English muffins you've got on your bill of fare? How long have you had them? "We bake 'em fresh every day, sah." Then what do you call them English for? Think people haven't got any sense? You can't get English muffins here in less than a week to save your life and you

up snide victuals. Bring me some buckwheat cakes. There's no imitation about that sort of grub, anyway. Whereupon the waiter brought him sevcake of commerce, which, as everybody to do the whole work themselves, have a while in the schoolroom.

GARDENING AS A SOURCE OF PLEAS-URE TO WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Little Plot of Ground May Afford Much Healthful Delight-A Few Practical Suggestions.

New York Evening Post.

While thinking of the children's happiness it has occurred to me that, perhaps, to some of their mothers or elder sisters the bliss of gardening may be an unknown possibility. I do not mean the possession of a garden in which to walk about and admire what your gardener's taste and skill ever small a bit of land from which, by care and watchfulness and enlightened fosjoyed the blossoming of flowers that you

There is no way of putting into words the sort of joy this gives, or of describing the healthful delight it insures to body and mind. A really ridiculous complacence takes possession of you, and you almost count yourself the author of these wonders of growth and expansion into perfect bloom. At a critical time you grow quite aware that God's sun, and rain, and dew, and frost have really primal influences in your triumph, but taking the good results as they arrive day by day, you begin involuntarily to wear the peculiar self-satisfied smile of a successful gardener, and hand a rosebud to a friend with the air of one who had been an original creator. The failures are apt to be laid to nature's mistakes. but the successes always are added to the credit side of your own account.

And this, perhaps, is a reason why the occupation is so absorbingly delightful. There is really a sense in which one has a right to be proud, for the price of perfect flowers is "eternal vigilance," intelligent watchfulness, and not uncommonly a tired

Some of the things easiest of cultivation and most delightful in possession cannot well be planted now, Hardy roses are far of the work. early autumn, and almost all the lilles and irises come under the same law. The sweet peas ought to be in the ground as soon as frost relents enough to till it, and there are so many charming things which can neither be sown or planted yet, that there is a wide field of choice.

To those who live in the country all the year a small propagating house is an immense source of pleasure and, for the most part, easily within feminine control; the heating is the only thing in which you require masculine aid after your "benches" are filled with earth. The unending interest in "starting" and potting and repotting young plants and the charm of seeing seeds germinate and spread their young leaves ready for transplanting to the border can hardly be exaggerated. If you are making a claim in an already

established garden and this is your first attempt, a narrow bit of border is a wise choice: or if you are only cutting into a small lawn to have a new bed made, keep in mind that it is best to make a modern start, and never have a bed cut which is too wide for you to reach to its center.

A FLORAL MOUND. Mark out a square. From the center take a circle from which to form a mound-like bed elevated in the middle. Surround this with a path two feet wide and leave the angular corners of the square for smaller | divisions; this will give you a useful and practicable little garden. With heliotrope in one corner, mignonette in a second, sweet alyssum in a third, and rose-geranium in the fourth, you have established a store of sweets. The small, almost forgotten Bon Silene and Hermosa, so-called "monthly" roses, are really ever-bloming, insuring you a bud on almost every day of the summer, and the pretty dwarf polyanthus roseclusters fit in delightfully to the corsage bouquets and all the dainty combinations one likes to gather from her own beds to give a friend. This year the beautiful new rose, "President Carnot," promises, with its exquisite coloring and extreme refinement of growth and form, to be suitable to such pleasure spots as those of which I am now talking, and the florists say that it will be a constant bloomer. I could go on suggesting names and plants indefinitely, but remind myself that to the initiated this is rehearsing the alphabet of their science. and that those whom I seek to interest and make proselytes will only be deterred by too large a detail. I must add, however, that a good strong plant of sweet-scented verbena (Verbena citriodora) makes an excellent choice for the apex of your circular mound, and is the exact thing you need to add perfection to the mingled odors of the blossoms already named. The spicy fra-

grance of its young leaves is especially acceptable to an invalid. For myself, having been very fortunate with hardy perpetual roses, I have a great enthusiasm for them, but I shall have to wait to try to tempt others to seek the same pleasure until autumn comes; now it is simply an aggravation to talk of what a joy a big bed of these robust, generous plants will give.

For a woman to work in a garden with comfort and pleasure there are certain "properties," to use a theatrical phrase, which ought to be provided. Usually one thinks first of spade, and hoe, and rake; for the first two you have little need pading needs a good masculine arm and foot, and a hoe is little used on a small plot kept well weeded. A small fine rake is

First, you need a pair of good stout, comfortable shoes, and a short, scant, stormserge skirt, to wear with a calico or gingham shirt waist; a wide-brimmed, lightweight straw hat; a pair of thin India rubber gloves, and all your old "gants de Suede," the thinner and more flexible the better. Stiff, so-called gardening gloves only tempt you to pull them off and use your bare hand whenever you have any

delicate operation to perform. Then you want a common splint basket with a handle, for your trowels (one large, one small), knife, scissors, strings, labels, syringe, etc. To these add "grass matting" to tie up your plants; this any florist will sell you, and it can be used when twine will injure, and with it have some long narrow strips cut from the arms of your evening gloves. which are of great value. And be sure to provide something to knell upon; India rubber cloth is the best thing, and can be folded handily and laid over your basket when your work is done. These are all the material essentials, but for myself I needed some one to quicken my conscience as to neglected duties, or else I should have been a gardener and nothing else. I should like to make a convert who could find a similar joy in this God-given occupation.

TO CARE FOR FLOWERS. If you have flowers enough to make something in which to carry them a help and comfort, have a contrivance like mine, a sharp-pointed stick like an alpenstock thrust through a circular basket. You can put the strong ferrule into the earth firmly so that it stands upright and steady, and as you cut them, lay your flowers lightly in the basket, where they will keep fresh, unharmed by your warm hand or from pressure one against another.

And just here let me say take the pre- more advanced grades. caution to lay all summer flowers which you wish to keep fresh loosely, one by one (not in a mass), in a deep basin of water, in a dark, cool place for a couple of hours before you arrange them, and you will find that they will last twice the usual time and resist the effects of gas or any artificial light. Even heliotrope, the most disappointing of delightful things, will generally live when thus treated. For wild flowers it is sometimes worth the trouble of carrying a small tin pail containing enough water to help them to bear their

removal from the woods. Oddly, children often enjoy a vegetable garden more than they do flowers. Boys, especially, seem to care for the practical results of their labors and to be in high triumph if their gardens contain currant bushes, a few blackberries, and a miniature strawberry bed. Peas and beans afford such easy harvests, having few insect enemies to fight, that they are generally in great favor. I have seen a dozen miniature string beans or as many weakly-filled pea pods brought for "papa's dinner" with insmall dishes was rigorously required, and a father would searcely be worthy of his name who did not pronounce them to be better than any others of their tribe. To the boys the spade is a very valuable implement, and they are generally proud of the professional air with which they

ously down just in the right place. As far

tools is not a small item in the educational part of this useful fun, and the insistance that neglect forfeits the right to the land

too, is fruitful far beyond the range of the small garden. The English use of what they call "hollands," meaning what with us is brown linen, is worthy of wide imitation for chilwithout tearing or other injury. It seems ust the material we need. And another English garment for children-"pinafores" for little girls, such as Du Maurier used almost always to put on his irresistible children in his nursery pictures-is a blessing that we do not appreciate properly in this country.

A PRESIDENT'S LOVE AFFAIR. Miss Sarah Word Rejected the Future Chief Magistrate for a Saddler.

National Magazine. Three-quarters of a century ago, in the little village of Laurens, in the State of South Carolina, there lived and labored at have produced, but the ownership of how- the tailor's trade a young man who was destined to play an important part in the affairs of this Nation. Of numble origin and having had practically no educational tering you have seen the growth and en- advantages, he had in his character the elements of true manhood, and by force of brain power and ability attained the highest position of honor and trust in the Re-

Andrew Johnson left his home in North Carolina by reason of some trouble with his employer, and went to the then ultraexclusive and aristocratic village of Laurens. He had no influential family connections, and was as poor as the traditional church mouse, his worldly possessions consisting only of the clothes he wore. To one acquainted with the social conditions of the ante-bellum South, the difficulties incident to obtaining recognition by a man handicapped as Johnson was can be readily imagined. The sterling worth of the young tailor, however, made itself felt, and demanded the admiration and respect soon accorded him even by those who were wont to consider one not to the manner born deserving of but condescending notice.

Soon after reaching Laurens Johnson secured a position in a tailoring establishment, and this he held with perfect satisfaction to his employers until his return to his North Carolina home. He was a painstaking laborer, and took commendable pride in doing his work as perfectly as possible. A coat cut, fitted and made by Johnson is still in existence. It was made for Colonel Henry C. Young, a prominent lawyer and politician of upper Carolina, and is now treasured by his descendants as one of their most precious possessions. The fact that the coat is still in a good state of preservation may possibly be taken as

an evidence of the excellence and durability Johnson's stay at Laurens, brief as it was, marked a very important epoch in | idly as it came, and soon every part of the It was there that he met his first love, Miss Sarah Word, a charming young woman of education and refinement, who saw in the modest and retiring young jourtrength and promise. Johnson's regard for Miss Word was reciprocated, and the young people entered into an engagement to marry. They were thrown constantly in each other's society, and the future President of the United States once assisted his flancee in laying, stuffing and quilting a quiit. This quilt is now owned by Mrs. J. . Bolt, of Laurens, granddaughter of Miss Word, who subsequently married William Hance. On either end of the quilt are Miss Word's initials, "S. W.," which were made, stuffed and quiited by Johnson, unassisted. The enthusiastic young lover was very desirous of placing his own initials beside those of his sweetheart, but this Miss Word would not permit. This quilt was on hibition at the Atlanta exposition last fall. and attracted much attention.

The irresistible tendency that young men in love have to carve their sweetheart's names on everything movable and immovable in their immediate vicinity was not wanting in Johnson. On the back of an old split-bottom chair he engraved the inscription "S W.-1820." It is needless to say that it was the chair in which Miss Word was accustomed to sit on the porch of her home. This chair is now in the pos-

Having satisfactorily adjusted the trouble with his former employer in North Carolina Johnson decided to return and resume his place. Before leaving Laurens, as a token of his affectionate regard, he gave to Miss Word his dearest possession, goose with which he had worked at his trade. This act shows the tender simplicity of the young tailor. He had no false pride about the matter. He was leaving the woman he loved for an indefinite time, and not ashamed of his lowly calling, gave her something that would be a constant reminder of him and his work. After leaving Laurens differences arose between Miss Word and Johnson, and their engagement was terminated, but the tailor's goose was never returned, and is now owned by Mrs. Bolt, and valued above price on account of its romantic history. Miss Word rejected the tailor and married William Hance, a saddler. The tailor became President of the

Inited States. Johnson's biographers have all maintained hat in early life he was uncouth, illiterate and ignorant, with no refinement nor grace of manner. It has been stated that he could neither read nor write, and that his wife aught him both after marriage. This error has become so firmly fixed that it is generally accepted as a historic fact, and schoolchildren are told the romantic story of how a man who afterward became President was taught to read and write by a wife who was ambitious for his advancement. This story may be a beautiful obect lesson on the grand possibilities of American youth, but it has the fatal defect of being untrue. When Johnson lived in Laurens be could both read and write, and was considered a young man of exceptional intelligence. Miss Word, to whom he was engaged, is authority for the statement that she received many notes and letters from him, and that he wrote a good business hand. She has also frequently said that he was a man of more than ordinary liant conversationalist. As Miss Word was, by virtue of her relations to him, closely associated with Johnson, the correctness of her statements can neither be doubted nor contravened. More than this, Col. T. B. Crews, one of the oldest citizens of Laurens, and husband of Miss Word's daughter, says that over half a century ago, when he first went to Laurens, he had quently heard from old residents that Johnson was a great reader-in fact, a veritable bookworm. He had often been seen seated on his tailor's board with a book by his side, reading and studying. From this evidence it would appear that the story of Johnson being in early life an uncouth ignoramus must be abandoned as absolutely false. The facts prove just the contrary, that he was a young man of rare intelligence and refinement.

PRIMARY SCHOOL OF TO-DAY. Miss Arnold's Views of How Its Pupils | and remains restless while under the in-Should Be Taught.

New York Times.

Miss Sarah L. Arnold, supervisor schools of Boston, lectured before the Public Education Association Friday afternoon upon "The Primary School of To-day." The four essential elements of primary school education, the schoolroom, the curriculum, the pupil, and the teacher afforded the outline upon which she based her remarks

as home," she said, "for upon this depends the children's health and their interest in their work. Plenty of sunshine and good ventilation are requisites of good health, and when these are denied the children their physical and mental condition suffer, Superintendent Balliott, of Springfield, Mass., in his last report has given his opinion, which is based upon the tabulated statements of teachers, that not more than fifty pupils should be seated in one room. young child needs just as much air as an adult person. A contrary opinion seems to prevail among the majority of those who have charge of our schools and our little boys and girls of the primary grade are more closely crowded than the children of The schoolroom should contain the beau-

tiful, so that the children may be taught to open their eyes to the beauties of nature. and have developed in them a desire for what is higher. First neatness and cleanliness, then the introduction of some little adornments of colors, pictures of views and men and flowers will do much to bring happiness into the hearts of the children, who are so easily pleased. What shall our children be taught? The selection of a course from a wide range of studies, all of which are admitted to be useful, is a perplexing problem. But if more attention were given to the chief end of education this question would give less trouble. The growth and development of the child's personality is the object for which we send our children to school. The acquisition of knowledge is a secondary aim. The spirit of what is taught should be instilled into the young souis, and in every case illustration of the object studied should be given. Tennyson's 'Song of a Brook' cannot appeal to children who have never seen a brook. The natural thing to do is to take the children to a brook, if they have never seen one, and, if this is not possible, as is generally the case, tense pride and enjoyment. That cook let them see the works of artists. Apprecishould prepare them carefully and serve in ation and enjoyment of literature depends upon one's experience, and reading exercises will be but an idle repetition of words if the children have not had this experi-

"The method of instruction should such as conduces to the growth of children. Discipline gives opportunity to train pupils handle it and put their small feet Vigor- | in obedience, and in recognition of the rights of others. The virtues of good citieral specimens of the ordinary buckwheat | as may be, they are happier and better off | zenship should be developed in children

and be thorough throughout. Care of their | alizing this, the efforts of the teacher should be directed to train and guide the young wards after their own individual ways rather than attempt to compel them is of importance. Preparing for next year, | to conform to arbitrary orders. She should encourage them to think, to choose between courses of action and to imagine, Children possess a tendency to act spontaneously, and were the methods of parents and teachers based less on conventional dren who live true country lives-it is so | rules, which disregard the personality of neat-looking and stands such hard usage | the children, they would develop into more

perfect human beings, and could find fuller enjoyment of life. "The chief essential of the teacher is a strong personality. Thomas Arnold taught as he did because he was a mignty man, His boys had a lasting influence in their lives because he could interpret the great

THE COCAINE HABIT.

A Victim Describes His Sufferings and Moral Degradation.

and good for them.'

Philadelphia Times. There was nothing needed to complete our recent talks about the frightful evils resulting from the cocaine habit except a confession from one of its victims, possessing sufficient intelligence and sufficient possession of a remnant of his will to describe the evils which afflicted him in manner sufficiently strong to make his words a dread lesson for those who have innocently begun the use of this most dangerous of all poisons that the ingenuity of man has wrested from the healing storehouse of nature. We have this before us. It comes from a physician and is reported by a fellow-practitioner, A. H. Springthorpe, M. D., of Melbourne, Australia, and an account of it given in the Stomatologist, of this city. An abstract of it should be sufficient to deter every one from the use of cocaine in any form, except by the advice of a physician, of from the employment as remedial agents of the wines of coca advertised as harmless stimulants, or the various "patented" catarrh' remedies, nearly all of which have cocaine as the basic principle.

The victim of the cocaine habit referred

to, being a skillful observer, gives a very

graphic description of the symptoms and conditions of the craze which had seized him. He says: "The first feeling a cocainist has is an indescribable excitement to do something great; to leave a mark. But, alas, this disappears as rapbody seems to cry out for a new syringe, The second sensation-at first, at least, no hallucination-is that his hearing is neyman tailor a man of character and enormously increased, so that he really (?) hears the flies walking over the paper. Very soon every sound begins to be a remark about himself, mostly of a nasty kind, and he begins to carry on a solitary life, his only companion being his beloved syringe. Every passerby seems to talk about him. Often and often have stopped persons, or ordered the police to arrest them, thinking they were talking about me. After a relatively short time begins the 'hunting of the cocaine bug.' You imagine that in your skin worms or similar things are moving along. If you touch them with wood ((especially absorbent wood) they run away and disappear, only to peep cautiously out of some corner to see if there is any danger. These worms are projected only on to the cocainist's own person or clothing. He sees them on his washing, in his skin, creeping along his penholder, but not on other people or things and not on clothes brought clean from the laundry. How is this to be explained? About the same time appear many other hallucinations of the and, strange to say, self-suggested hallucinations also. Night turns to day. You sit up in your room syringing till the morning and then fall asleep in a coma. In my case this occurred to such an extent that I had to engage a hospital warder, who came in the morning to revive me with about ten syringes of 5 per cent. solution, so that I was able to drive, not walk, fearing some one might garrote me. Other dreadful hallucinations I had in thousands, all of a persecuting character, and frightening the life out of me so long as the

your body and feel their bites. Every obect seems to become alive to stare at you from all corners-look revolvers, knives, etc., and threaten you. Yet, so soon as the effect of the injection is over, you laugh at it, and produce willingly, by a new injection, the same terrors. About that time bought three St. Bernard dogs, thinking they would protect me, but one night found out that they were talking about me -how they could get rid of me-so I stood up and shot one of them with a revolver, which I always used to carry. I think this was the most dreadful night of my life -I standing on the table, with an indian dagger and a syringe on the ground, one three-foot high dog going to die and two rather dangerous dogs roaring and grouning at me, who always fancied 'Now comes the moment when they will tear you to pieces.' I stood the night on the table till the arrival of my wardsman, who hardly risked to enter the room. The stranger thing, however, in the cocaine that there seems to be two souls in the cocainist-one infested by the cocaine suffering and tortured by its effects; the other normal, laughing at his fears and saying. 'What nonsense! It is only an hallucination produced by an injection.' Not frightened enough by these experiences and escaping from the troubles produced by his conduct, on the cocainist goes, taking more and more, and then enters a new kind of illusion, which finishes him up for intelligence, of elegant address and a bril- the madhouse. I mean the revolting, sen-The afflicted physician summarizes the

physiologic effects of the drug as follows:

"You see small animals running about

effects of the drug lasted.

The cocainist early loses all appetite for solid food, but likes sweets, lollies and cakes. Upon the muscular system the drug, as is generally recognized, acts as a most powerful stimulant for either single or continued effort. Not only make long marches without becoming tired, but on one occasion, after injection, he says he lifted a cab with one hand on the axle. It increases also the number of the respiratory and of the cardiac contractions (with vascular dilatation), as well as the amount of sweat. Hence the great loss of weight. After each injection the pupil dilates, but remains dilated only because injections are continued. As regards the brain, mental processes seem quickened, but a kind of nypnosis intervenes, so that the brain works without, and even against, the will. Immediately after the injection the cocainist becomes excited fluence. He likes manual work, however triffing, but has neither will nor ability for mental work, because he is bound to inject every five or ten minutes, or, in fact, because he never ceases to inject. The hallucinations and illusions aiready mentioned make their appearance early. One syringe self-injected is, in my opinion absolutely sure to produce the fascinating desire for a second. The individual is almost certainly then a cocanist, and will procure the drug for self-administration even when apparently it is impossible to do so. All watching is useless. He has thousands of excuses to get a moment to himself, generally in the neighborhood of some chemist. Unscrupulous-even though still aware to some extent of his ties-he will get it dishonestly if necessary, and, even when not eraving for it at the moment, he will get it, because his only idea is to have it with him. The sense of right and wrong is not abolished, but he does not care much about trifles. Thus he sinks lower and lower, disregards his personal appearance and, because they will always show, or sham to show, a certain respect to his higher education, he seeks the association of lower people. He thus becomes a scoundrel or criminal and does not mind to do so, so long as he gets his cócaine. is extremely seldom that he makes a trial to free himself of the habit, mainly because he does not see any reason to do so.

he can get his beloved drug." Regarding dianosis and prognosis, the same unfortunate authority says: "The cocainist is distinguishable by his change of associations, his neglected appearance (of which he seems completely unaware), his dilated pupil, restlessness, hallucinations, illusions and expressions of anguish The prognosis is extremely unfavorable. It depends in the first degree upon a perfect change of surrounding. The slightest article which could make a cocainist remember some moment of his sufferings is also able to recall the fascination. Even if free for a whole year, he cannot be trusted unless it be in new surroundings. And 'kind friends' are only too willing to remind him of things which he has done and or watch he is now ashamed. So that, sooner or later, he will take it again for 'spite' or 'fascination,' or some other reason not to be explained by any uncocainized brain. For women the prognosis is-pessima. Surely no one who reads this tale will

Suicide he never contemplates so long as

concoctions of which cocaine is the basis, Personal Equation.

ever again be careless about using the

"How long is it going to take to get through with this case? asked the client, who was under suspicion of housebreaking "Well," replied the young lawyer thoughtfully, "it'll take me about two weeks to get through with it, but I'm afraid it's going to take you about four "Growth depends upon self-activity. Re-